

Seven Days a Mazeppa

Byron's Strange Poem Finds
a Repetition in Real
Life To-day.

A Child Frightfully Tortured by
Two Indian Fiends in
Washington.

Maltreated and Bound to Her Pony's
Back an Entire
Week.

SAVED FROM DEATH BY A SQUAW.

Her Assaults, Captured After a Long
Chase, Narrowly Escape the Venge-
ance of a Frenzied
Mob.

Spokane, Wash., Jan. 4.—The legend of Mazeppa has found a parallel in the San Poil country, this State. The victim, a twelve-year-old girl, tells a story of torture, the hideous details of which have set the State shuddering. Her assailants, two Indians, are in prison, and their lives were preserved only by the most determined bravery on the part of the officers who took them into custody. The penalty for their crime is death.

Little Mary Freelon is the child of James Freelon, a white man, and the daughter of Kiam-tel-hah, the aged chief of the San Poil tribe of Indians. She lives in the San Poil Valley, near the mouth of the river of that name. While she was riding through a deep ravine some days ago two Indians, Puck-el-petsy and Chum-washeet, sprang from the bushes that lined the trail, seized her pony's bridle and her gun and ordered her to dismount.

Screaming with terror, she struck the ruffians with her whip, but they only laughed and dragged her from her pony. After forcing her to submit to them, they bound her hands and feet and threw her across the back of her pony. This done they mounted their horses, and leading the pony bearing the gasping and half-dead child, rode over steep mountains and through forests, unbroken save for faint trails.

At each camping place there was a repetition of the torture first inflicted upon the child, while during the day's travel she was tied to her pony, her head hanging down one side, her feet the other. Five days passed in this way. At the end of that time the two fiends became aware that they were being pursued, and strapping the girl's half-nude form longwise on the pony, drove the pony from them. For several miles they followed the animal bearing the child, urging it at full speed. Then they abandoned both and sought safety from the avengers they believed near at hand.

For two days the pony with its helpless burden wandered through forest and over mountain. Little Mary had previously refused the food her captors had offered her, so from sheer weakness she was in a half-comatose condition during her Mazeppa-like experience.

The second day after the child's abandonment by the two ruffians an Indian woman discovered the pony and its burden. Deeming the child from her fearful position, the woman carried her to her wigwam two miles distant, and after a long effort succeeded in restoring her to consciousness. At this wigwam, two days later, several members of the party that had started in pursuit of her captors found her. They took her to the home of her grandfather, the San Poil chief, where, despite starvation and the fearful tortures she had endured, health and strength slowly returned.

Mary's father is dead and, with her mother, she made her grandfather's home her own. When she failed to return home the day of her disappearance, her relatives inquired at Percival's, a neighboring mining camp. There they learned the two Indians who kidnapped her had been seen in the vicinity of the place where the child was known to have gone. William No-

The day following Little Mary was taken before the United States Commissioner at Wilber, where she told her story of brutality and horror. When she gave the details of the torture to which she had been forced to submit, it became necessary to place a strong guard about the prisoners to prevent the spectators dragging them outside the court room and lynching them. At the completion of the preliminary examination the prisoners were brought here for safe keeping, as they would never have lived through the night had they remained at Wilber.

A surprising fact, so far as the prisoners are concerned, is the singular affection entertained by Puck-el-petsy, the more brutal of the two, for his brother. After being brought here he made a confession admitting his own guilt, but declaring that his brother is innocent. The chances are excellent, however, for a double execution in Washington before many months.

Leeches as Weather Prophets.
[Nature.]

The medicinal leech is still left on the list of weather prophets, though he has no doubt had his powers exaggerated, and two books have been written about his behavior during changes of weather. One is by Mrs. Woolmans, who, during a long illness, watched a leech in a bottle, and carefully noted what it did, and the other is by a gentleman at Wilber, who came to the conclusion that the leeches could be made to give audible and useful storm warnings. So he carried an instrument. No one would imagine from its appearance what its use could be. It consisted of twelve glass bottles, each containing a leech in water, and arranged in a circle. In order, as the humane inventor states, that the leeches might see each other and not endure the infliction of quite solitary confinement—this rather reminds us of Frank Watton, who told his punt to put the book into the water, "rendering, as if he loved it." In each bottle was a metal tube of a particular form, which was made somewhat different for a leech to enter, but into which it would endeavor some how to creep before a thunderstorm, according to its nature.

In each tube was a small piece of whalebone, to which a gilt chain was attached, and so arranged, on the mouse-trap principle, that when the whalebone was moved a bell at the top of

An Emperor's Son a Waiter.

Kaiser Wilhelm's Natural Brother
Works in an Obscure East
Side Eating House.

Carl Baron von Rex Is the Issue
of the Late Emperor
Frederick.

HIS MOTHER A LADY OF THE COURT.

The Baron Had a Romantic and Gallant
Career Until His Reputed Father
Died, When His Luck Changed
and Hardship Followed.

In an obscure eating house down a
squalid street on the East Side, employed
in the lowly occupation of waiter and
general helper, is one through whose veins
there flows the blood of an Emperor, and
whose checkered career is remarkable even
in that quarter of blighted hopes and
broken lives.

It has been said that it would be im-
possible to throw a stone on lower Second
avenue without striking a nobleman, and
some have gone so far as to declare
that if one were to stand in the middle of

ships had been taken by surprise, and, withdrawing from their bivouac, fell back to the beach in order to get under cover of the German guns. A marine fell seriously wounded by an assegai, and under the heavy fire of spears, and the large body of the enemy advancing, it looked as though the unfortunate man would be left to a horrible fate. Taking his own life in his hands, Lieutenant von Rex ran to the wounded man's side, and, mistaking him upon his stalwart shoulders, carried him safely to the beach. Under the shower of deadly weapons Baron von Rex received two painful wounds from heavy spears.

Although suffering severely, he remained at his post for two years, during all of which time he was in the hands of the ship's surgeons. In 1889 his ship returned to a German port, and upon reaching Berlin the Baron learned that he had been in invalided and retired upon a pension as incurable.

Many soft hearts were set fluttering by the handsome young sailor who had made himself famous by his exploits in Africa, and it was not long before the Baron took the first false step which commenced his downward career. In an altercation with an officer over the fair name of a certain young woman the officer slapped the Baron's face. Instead of demanding satisfaction on the field of honor, Baron von Rex then and there soundly thrashed the officer. The latter was in the imperial guard, and a Graf to boot. Such a heinous offense against the laws of German chivalry could not be overlooked.

The Baron received a very polite intimation that he was no longer persona grata at the Court, or, in fact, at the capital. Carl von Rex decided to shake the dust of Germany from his feet and, accompanied by the Vicomte de Salganne-Penelon, he plunged into the heart of Africa in search of diamonds. At the time the newspapers noted the fact that neither the Baron nor the Vicomte knew the difference between a diamond and a deceiver's snuffbox. They found no diamonds, and soon gave up the search to devote their time to hunting. Early in 1889 they re-

Cannibalism in Mexico.

Indians Kill and Eat Three
American Pros-
pectors.

The Murder and Feast Witnessed by
an Employee of the
Victims.

OFFICERS CAPTURE THE CRIMINALS.

They Admit Their Crime, Declaring They
Were Driven to It by Starvation.
Say They Relish Human
Flesh.

Denning, N. M., Jan. 4.—The existence of
cannibalism among Mexican Indians has
long been suspected, but authentic evidence



MARY FEELON

Then the Sadis held a consultation, after which two of them approached Hetherington, who by this time had recovered consciousness. He was the largest and stoutest member of the party. Picking up the wounded boy's horse, he cut it up into sections. The fire the prospectors had started was forced into a brisk blaze and a portion of Hetherington's body fell in front of it on a forked stick.

Afraid to move, the boy Jose lay still and watched the Indians. Frequently he saw them relieve the forked stick of its burden and devour the human flesh with manifest relish. This process the Sadis continued until they had apparently gorged themselves.

Sickened by what he saw, the boy managed to make his escape. He ran to the place to the camp of the prospectors, to whom he had been sent by his murdered employers. There were only two of these, however, and afraid to attack the cannibals, they fled toward Hermosillo. Almost simultaneously with their arrival Hermosillo, some thirty miles from the Indians came in with the information that the cannibals had returned to their tribe, carrying with them the cooked human flesh which they had been unable to eat themselves. This they distributed among members of the tribe, and the general camping ground, and a cannibalistic feast followed.

The authorities of Hermosillo at once sent out a party of officers to arrest the cannibals, and after a pursuit of several weeks they were captured in their mountain home. They freely admitted their guilt, but said they were starving and killed and ate the Americans to save themselves from death. They did not express the slightest regret for their action or aversion to their horrible act, vowing, in fact, that they relished it, and that it was not the first time they had eaten of the cooked human flesh.

With the exception of the names of the unfortunate prospectors, furnished by their boy, nothing is known concerning them. Jose was employed by them in Hermosillo, and he said they never told him anything about themselves. From what they said, however, to obtain another victim to their horrible feast, in fact, that they relished it, and that it was not the first time they had eaten of the cooked human flesh.

Reveries of a "Society Queen."
[Wichita Dispatch to Chicago Tribune.]

Mrs. J. Sam Brown, wife of a national banker; Mrs. Hamlin, wife of a merchant, and Miss L. B. Wilson, principal of one of the public schools, huddled each other to take a ride in the "hurry" wagon from the Union Depot to the city jail through the main thoroughfare of the city with a policeman. Mr. Brown, the husband, not only accompanied, but secured the wagon from the Chief of Police. The thing was unknown to the public, and as the wagon dashed through the streets with its occupants, a society queen, it caused a great sensation. Five hundred people followed them to the jail.

Woes of a Quiet Town.
[Philadelphia Ledger.]

City Councils should defeat the ordinance at present under consideration permitting the keeping of pigs within the city limits. After much difficulty the Board of Health has succeeded in riding the city of this nuisance, and it would be a bad step backward to allow it to return. The request for the passage of the ordinance comes from the First Ward, where the pig question has become a political issue, and it is supposed that the vote of three or four precincts will be swayed at the primaries according to the attitude of the candidates on the subject of the return of the pigs.

Can Temper Copper.
[Detroit Dispatch to Chicago Times-Herald.]

B. C. Salter, of this city, has discovered the last art of tempering copper so that the metal may be utilized in place of steel for many purposes where corrosion puts steel at a disadvantage. He has made both flat and coiled springs of great elasticity, has made good knife blades, and, best of all, is able to weld the metal itself and weld it to iron or steel. Mr. Salter says his process is a pure mystery, the quality of tempering is employed. Trolley wheels made from temper copper have outworn several sets of wheels made in the old way.

Ballad of the Moon.
[Sistersville (W. Va.) Review.]

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As full as a son of a gun;
The moon rose over the city,
Where there should have been but one.

Merely an Inference.
"Are you engaged to Miss Moneybank?"
"I hope so."
"On what grounds?"
"The moon asked me how I expected to live instead of if I was prepared to die." Detroit Free Press.

Serpents as Firebrands.

Devilish Ingenuity of Some
Fiends in Human
Shape.

Fearful Use to Which Cuban
Insurgents Put
Them.

Dipped in Petroleum, Lighted and
Thrown into Cane
Fields.

FORM-MOVING STREAKS OF FIRE.

A Mighty Conflagration Inaugurated in
a Short Space of Time.
How the Reptiles Are
Captured.

It has been left to the Cuban insurgents to introduce one of the most novel methods of destruction yet known, that of the employment of snakes to fire the sugar cane fields. It is a generally accepted belief that all things are created for a definite and necessary purpose, but this is the first time the snake has been brought to a practical basis of usefulness.

The recent march of General Gomez's troops through the sugar district was for the avowed purpose of destroying the plantations, and well has the purpose been achieved. Perhaps, however, if it had not been for the ingenuity of his men, he might not have done so well.

Snakes are very plenty in Cuba, but none more so than the varieties known as the maja and jubo. These the insurgents would catch by the hundred. Not being poisonous snakes at all, the effort was not fraught with danger to the soldiers.

The manner in which these whole-sale reptile captures were made is peculiar. The men would divide into squads, and form something like skirmish lines, only in closer order. These lines would slowly advance, beating bushes and ground as they progressed. As fast as one of the snakes was discovered, a soldier would cleverly capture it and throw it into a sack he carried for the purpose. This hunt would be kept up until a sufficient number of snakes had been secured. Then the men would return to camp, depositing their wriggling catch in a safe place, where the snakes remained until wanted.

If the intention was to use the snakes at once, and this was usually the case, the insurgents would dip them in crude petroleum grease, cans of which had been secured for the purpose, and then release them in the cane fields. To fully appreciate the effect of this, it is necessary to consider the fact that at this time of year dry leaves cover the ground in the cane fields to the depth of several inches, and these leaves are ordinarily as dry as tinder.

The blazing snakes, as soon as released, would make their way as rapidly as possible amid these leaves, toward the center of the plantation, leaving a trail of fire in their wake. Imagine a hundred of these reptiles, in their own almost simultaneous movement, of a sudden, falling upon the cane, and the havoc they would cause can better be imagined than described.

Each of these snakes, which act as fire-brands, will, under ordinary circumstances, climb the cane for several hundred feet before either riding themselves of the fire or being roasted to death. It can easily be seen that a hundred strokes of fire, each passing 200 feet through a substance like tinder, can cause a conflagration of almost limitless extent.

Of course, the intensity of the heat to the petroleum-covered and blazing snake is such as to cause it to fairly shoot through the cane, the stalks of which are as inflammable as the leaves beneath. Accordingly, each snake leaves behind him a sheet of flame that spreads with marvelous rapidity. The cane itself is full of juice and alcohol at this season, and burns like a torch or pine shavings.

Could Campos's men do against a fire started in this fashion? It would be like attempting to stem a flood.

If the Spanish troops should reach the vicinity of one of these mammoth cane fires, they would be inclined to think a battle was going on, for as the cane burns fiercely, there is a roaring and popping that, even to the trained ear, would seem like the rattle of musketry. This phenomenon is caused by the almost instant generation of gas from the cane by the heat, which causes the cane to burst.

Another peculiar feature of fire in the cane field is that the nature of the cane is such that there is nothing about it that will not feed the flames, and the longer it burns the fiercer the heat becomes. The sap from sugar cane, exudes, boils and is converted by the heat into alcohol. Usually, the alcohol only adds fresh fuel to the flames, and the result is that the fire continues until there isn't a stick of cane left in the field.

So it will be seen that, unlike the machete, the snake in the hands of the Cuban insurgent is a most formidable weapon. With it he can accomplish more ruin in a few moments than time and money can repair in many years.



"They followed the horse, urging the animal on and on."

the apparatus was rung by means of the chain. There was twelve leeches, so that every change was given that one, at least, would sound a storm signal. The author called this apparatus the "tempest prognosticator," a name which he

the street and shout "Herr Baron!" every other house would produce one or two claimants to that title. But royalty is rare, even among the dross and jetsam of European society cast up in Second avenue. And Carl Baron von Rex, despite his humble calling, is in manner and bearing every inch a king.

The story of the exiled Baron's life is familiar to every habitue of the cafes and restaurants which abound in the district, and Carl Baron von Rex has come to be one of the established institutions of that portion of Second avenue known among its denizens as Goulash avenue.

In the discharge of his duties as a knight of the serviette in Waller's restaurant, No. 106 Third street—a very modest establishment, where a specialty is made of twenty-five cent meals—Carl Baron von Rex does not flout his noble birth in the face of the patrons of the house. Second avenue looks down upon the side streets, with their tenement houses, and a resident of the avenue would lose caste were he to be seen in any of the cafes other than those patronized by his class. So it is that within a few yards of the main thoroughfare the Baron piles his vocation without fear of meeting his quondam friends, and the guests of the house have never had any idea that the waiter of quiet demeanor was really a half brother to the Emperor William II. of Germany.

The Baron is as modest and retiring as better a man of high degree who has fallen upon evil times. He blames no one for his downfall, but claims that his birth has been the cause of his misfortunes.

Carl Baron von Rex was born in Berlin in 1880. His mother was Eliza Freun von Rex—a title equivalent to that of Countess. The Countess was a hot day or lady in waiting to the Empress Augusta at the Court of William I. The birth of Carl was surrounded with great secrecy. His mother, a lady of noble birth, descended from a long line of warriors and staunch royalists, was secretly conveyed away from the royal Court when her delicate condition was discovered, and she spent some time in one of the royal retreats. There Carl was born.

The Countess looked after her son until he was old enough to be sent to school, and then returned to her place at Court. While the tongues of the gossip were yet wagging inside the palace, no rumor ever reached the outside world. Carl grew up at college, ignorant of the circumstances of his birth. He had been led to believe that his father had died when Carl was accepted wherever he went.

When Carl reached the age of sixteen he was appointed a cadet in the German navy. He was assigned to the crew of the ship, the Bismarck, and it was then known that powerful influences were working in his behalf. The Baron von Rex served his apprenticeship in the navy, and in 1884 saw him in the thick of the war, and after suffering intensely he went to St. Francis Hospital, where he underwent an operation.

He again got into trouble in the early part of last year, when he eloped with a young lady from Brooklyn. The case created a sensation from the fact that no one was able to trace his antecedents. Soon afterward an uncle sent him some money, with which he opened a coffee-house at No. 214 Allen street. But fate still pursued him, and after four days in business the place was raided by the police, and the coffee house was closed.

Now, shorn of all his glory, the Baron takes a keen pleasure in relating, in detail, all the incidents in his life, attempting to conceal nothing. He has documents in plenty, bearing out most of his statements.

In manners and general appearance he bears a striking resemblance to Emperor William II. He is tall, well built, and has the long, tawny mustache which is the striking feature of the present Emperor.

Decadence of Virginia Cookery.
[Lynchburg News.]

It is a curious fact that even in Virginia, whose founders and great men and women of a hundred years ago were raised mostly on corn bread, that delicious dish has been of late years in great part discarded from our tables to make way for wheat bread. Another curious fact also, and it is a fact, is that neither the cooks of the present day make as good bread nor do the people eat as good bread as they did in the past. The old Virginia cooks have in great part died out, and a sorry lot have taken their place, and the new miller grind both of the cereals too exceedingly fine to leave their nutritious elements in the bread.

Wanted a Slice of It.
[Washington Post.]

One of the Western Congressmen received a letter from one of his constituents the other day, with a request to furnish him with information about the Monroe doctrine.

"All the fools in this town are talking about the Monroe doctrine," wrote the correspondent, "and nobody knows what it is. I don't know myself, but if the Government is giving it away, send me what you can."

Criticism of Manners.
[San Francisco Argonaut.]

A leader of the House, who at one time held the office of Prime Minister, was noted for his indolent, gentle manner and the soft drawl with which he sent stinging sarcasms home to his opponents. One of his long-suffering victims, however, dealt him a telling blow by complaining that the honorable member had been rude in his manner.

"If a man," he asserted, "were so ungovernably, but less lady-like than usual,"



The Two Indian Fiends.
(From a photograph taken in jail.)

lan, an Indian interpreter and ex-United States marshal, organized a posse and started on the trail. Dividing into several groups, one of which discovered Mary, the members of the posse scoured the country thoroughly. William Nolan and his brother unexpectedly encountered the fugitives and, before they realized the fact, were gazing into the muzzles of the two Winchester rifles. They were forced to turn back by the desperados, who assured them they would never be captured alive.

Several days later, however, the fugitives were located at the mouth of Spokane River at the hut of Chief Kaskas, and a large posse of Indians and officers surrounded them. In spite of their bold defiance of a few days before, the ruffians surrendered without resistance. After the capture there was well nigh a battle between the officers and Indians to prevent the latter shooting the prisoners before they could be taken in the jail at Wilber.

preferred—and I think we shall agree with him—to that of atmospheric electric telegraph conducted by animal instinct. He vented on state that in his little book that he could, if required, make a small leech ring the great bell of St. Paul's, in London, in a signal of an approaching storm. The book is written in all seriousness, and a number of letters are appended from gentlemen who certify that correct atmospheric indications were at various times given by the leeches. The name of the inventor of this ingenious contrivance was Dr. Merryweather—himself a learned leech.

Comfort for the Minority.
[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

What will be thought of the majority in the new Congress if it does not propose a practical plan of finance in opposition to the one on which the Republican leaders have heaped so much abuse? There is a great deal more fun in being a minority than in having the responsibility.

that the supposition is correct has just reached this city through Mr. John Martin, an American prospector, whose truthfulness is beyond question.

The victims in this instance were three Americans—Frank Williams, John Hetherington and James Taylor—prospecting in the gold fields in the State of Sonora, about three hundred miles south of Hermosillo. The cannibals are five Sadis savages, members of a tribe very like the Yaquis. It seems there has been a scarcity of food for some time among the Sadis, and, in fact, the tribe was practically broken up into small foraging parties, who have preyed upon everything possible to obtain food.

Ballad of the Moon.
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Cuban Insurgents Firing Cane Plantations with Snakes Dipped in Petroleum and Then Lighted.